Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would beleeue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Per. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull'd sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried; well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*:
But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoe